

Agnostic Front, Crucified

They ask why we dress this way.
Life for now, stand today.
See the kids, but don't hear what they say.
Close your eyes and look the other way.
They it's the end, justify the means.
They lock us up throw away the keys.

Crucified, skinhead army.
Crucified, for your sins.
Crucified, skinhead army.
Crucified, for your sins.

They don't know our feeling.
Our only desperate cries.
They seek along